

To the One Who's Ready to Return

You don't have to explain where you've been.
You don't need to unpack the silence or justify the detour.

You're here now.
That's what matters.

You didn't fail.
You didn't fall too far.
You didn't ruin anything by needing time.

You were healing.
You were remembering.
You were finding your way back through a map only your soul could read.

And yes—maybe you forgot for a while.
Forgot your magic.
Forgot your softness.
Forgot the warmth of your own light.

But forgetting isn't the same as losing.

Everything you are still lives here.

The joy. The clarity. The fire.

It's been waiting.
Patiently. Quietly. Without resentment.

You're not late.

You're *right on time for your own return.*

So come in.

No shame. No guilt. No penance.

Just breath. Just softness. Just home.

— **From the one who never closed the door.**

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